

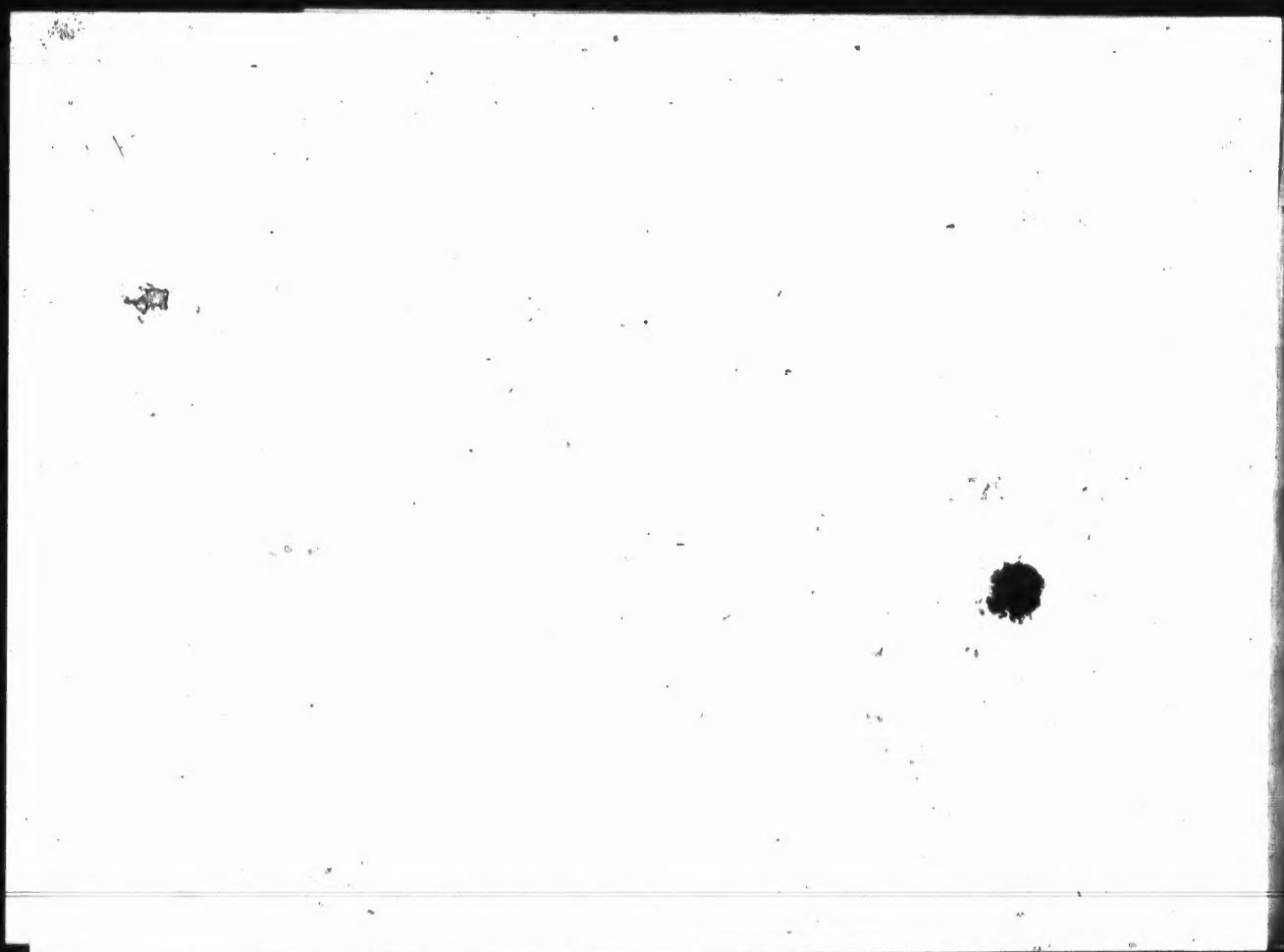
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Compliments of *W. H. Murphy*
St. John

INTRODUCTION.

To give a stranger an intelligent idea of St. John, and the places of interest in the neighborhood of the city, requires neither a volume of history nor a book of statistics. It is only occasionally that one seeks to amuse himself with works of that kind when on a holiday trip, or even after he has returned from it. What he does want is to see what is worth viewing, in the way of the people, the houses they live in, the churches they attend, the walks and drives they take, and the public buildings where a few of them draw fat salaries. A selection of specimens of these various classes of objects of interest is given in the following pages, with a number of other views which are not included in the classifications already mentioned. From many possible subjects, a careful selection has been made, with the aim to illustrate St. John as a good place to live in, and a place which ought to be seen by those whose circumstances compel them to live somewhere else.

In some instances where a work is sold by subscription, its good qualities are more than explained in advance. It is believed that such a criticism can not be made in respect to this venture. The publishers have endeavored to make the fulfillment at least equal to the promise, and as they believe, something beyond it. With this hope, they leave the work to speak for itself.

ST. JOHN,
NEW BRUNSWICK.

SKILLINGS & KNOWLES,
PUBLISHERS.

St. John Illustrated.

IFTY years make little difference in the appearance of some places. On the other side of the ocean are cities, towns and villages, which, in all that pertains to the streets and the houses, look to-day much as they did half a century ago. A man of seventy, who had left his native place at the age of twenty, would find on his return that the changes during his absence had been in respect to the people rather than to their surroundings. He would find few, if any, to recollect him, but he could walk through the streets and at every step recognize something which was familiar to him when he was a boy. The city had been finished long before, and its growth in later years had been so slight as to be scarcely perceptible to the eye of anybody who visited it after a long absence.

In the more recently settled portions of America are cities which are the absolute antitheses of some which are to be found in Europe. They have grown up as of yesterday, and every building tells on its face of haste for practical ends, of the rush of the crowd in the pursuit of business, of money-making for the sake of money, and of the pace that makes or breaks. There is the absence of that settled "home" feeling which is prized by all to whom life is something more than a mere day to day drudgery. There is the evidence of that servitude to which a man binds himself when he has no higher object in life than to get rich.

The city of Saint John is characterized by neither of these two extremes. It is not an ancient city, nor is it of the modern mushroom growth. It is old enough to be eminently respectable, and modern enough to be in line with the march of progress at the latter end of the nineteenth century. It has not a new, unfinished look, nor is it likely to be a finished city in the sense of reaching a certain point and coming to a standstill. Each year sees an advance in its progress, and with the great and recognized possibilities the advance must be proportionally more rapid in the years to come. The trouble with some of its people, in the past, has been that they have expected too much and have been impatient at what seemed slow, but was undoubtedly sure, progress. They are more confident now, and with good reason, for the outlook is becoming brighter year by year. The city of Saint John has a future, but meanwhile it has a present. It is of this present, rather than of the past or future, that these pages have something to say.

Everybody in St. John knows that the city was founded by the Loyalists who left New York after the close of the Revolution. They landed here on the 18th day of May, 1783, a date which will ever be held in honor, and which

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was fittingly commemorated on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary. They came from a land of plenty to cast their lot on a wild and rocky peninsula. Strong of heart and full of faith, they worked amid many discouragements to lay deep and strong the foundations of a city. The later generations have profited not less by what those sturdy pioneers wrought than by the example of their courage, energy and perseverance. With good reason is it esteemed an honor to be a descendant of the Loyalists.

While the Loyalists were the founders of the city, St. John has a history that dates a long time prior to their arrival. The name "St. John" was given to the river by Champlain, who discovered it on St. John Baptist day, 24th of June, 1604, and in 1635 LaTour built his fort on the west side of the harbor. The story of LaTour, and of the French occupation is one of romantic interest, but to deal with it even briefly, would be outside of the scope of these pages. Between the time that the English became masters of the country, in 1758, and the time when the Loyalists arrived, several British subjects had grants at the mouth of the river and carried on a trading business. As early as 1782 St. John was a port of entry.

The original city consisted of what is now the South End and of Carleton. Portland was at first a parish, then a town, and finally an independent city. The cities were united in 1890, and one charter now governs all. The districts are the South, North and West Ends. The population is about 40,000. The last census was disappointing because it made the figures no greater, but everybody declares there must have been some mistake about the count.

The fire of 1877 has been a back number for several years past. It did not burn the whole city, but only about two hundred acres of it, and not more than 1,600 houses and stores were swept away. It is doubtful if the total loss exceeded twenty million dollars. A large portion of the city, outside of the principal centres of residence and business, was left untouched, and most of the buildings destroyed have been replaced by structures of a much more handsome and substantial character. No city of its size in Canada has a finer class of buildings and business blocks than can be found in St. John. In no city are there better streets and sidewalks, while the climate is universally admitted to be one of the finest in the world.

Viewed from a distance or close at hand, the city as a whole presents much that must please the eye. Without doubt, the most varied panorama is seen from Mount Pleasant, the beautifully wooded elevation to the north. On the summit of this commanding height is situated the convent of the Sacred Heart, from the roof of which is a really glorious view. One may look in every direction, and on every hand find something to charm the eye, not only of the artist, but of all who can appreciate the simple beauties of nature. Were an artist to seek a single



PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, LOOKING SOUTH.

study, no one picture could pretend to do justice to the theme. There is an embarrassment of riches. In the kaleidoscope of land and marine scenery one has a choice of views from which it may be difficult to decide which is the most attractive. All are good. To the north and west are the green hills and valleys, with the St. John and Kennebecasis rivers flowing to the sea, to the east are other hills and vales, while to the south lie the city and the broad waters of the Bay of Fundy, with the coast line of Nova Scotia bounding the horizon, a clear fifty miles away. Mount Pleasant is ascended by a road winding so gently from the valley, so well graded and cared for, that the walk is a pleasure rather than a toil. Houses of ornate architecture, in the midst of grounds rich with floral beauty, mark the homes of business and professional men, who thus find the enjoyment of suburban life while still within the limits of the city.

The convent in charge of the Religious of the Sacred Heart has already been referred to, but it is worthy of more than a passing notice. The building, formerly known as "Reed's Castle," was for many years one of the chief objects of interest to strangers visiting St. John. It was built by the late Robert Reed, a wealthy shipowner, who spent large sums of money, not only on the edifice itself, but on the extensive grounds by which it was surrounded. It was purchased by the nuns for the sum of \$40,000, and has been greatly enlarged and improved by the addition of wings, adapted to the uses of the teaching sisters. Under their care is a flourishing and widely known educational institution, in which young ladies are instructed in all that may fit them to adorn society, in the way of useful knowledge and equally useful accomplishments. The institution is well patronized, and catholics and protestants are alike included among the pupils.

Continuing to the eastward beyond the convent, a short walk brings one to a beautiful sheet of water known as Lily Lake. It nestles among the cedar-clad hills, high above the sea level, and has for generations past been a favorite resort of the citizens. In the early days of waterworks, it was the source of the city supply, and from it are annually harvested thousands of tons of the purest ice. Before the era of covered rinks, it was the one place where all classes and ages went to skate. In those times the approaches were primitive and rough, but good roads now lead directly to the lake, and a number of citizens, carrying out their project of a park, have secured the lands in the vicinity and have already done much to add to the attractiveness of the naturally beautiful surroundings.

Supposing that one has visited Mount Pleasant, and is anxious to see the city and harbor from other points of view. One way to do this is to continue to the westward and along the rocky eminence known as Fort Howe. From

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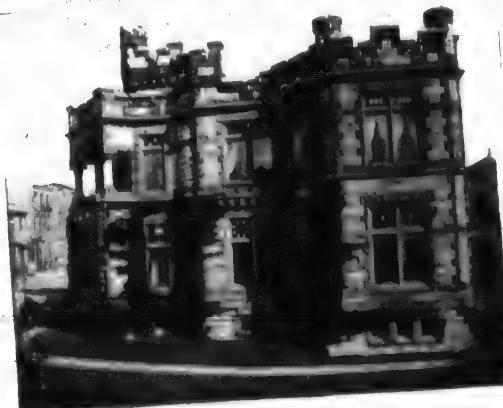
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RESIDENCE OF SIMEON JONES



RESIDENCE OF J. C. PHILIPS



• ACADEMY OF THE SACRED HEART, MOUNT PLEASANT, ST. JOHN, N. B.

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this height may be had one of the best views of the harbor and of the city on the east and west sides. The panorama is a fine one at all times, but at early morn or shortly before sunset, on a calm summer day, it is simply superb.

Descending by an easy grade to Main street, the central part of the North End is reached. Unless one wants

to go to Indiantown, and thence to climb the heights of Pokiok, the ordinary course will be along Main street to Douglas's avenue, thence to Lancaster Heights and Carleton. Main street has a splendid block pavement, which is found on the whole street route between Indiantown and Reed's Point, a distance of two miles. This was the original street railway route, but the electric railway, with a thoroughly equipped service, now extends over a very much larger area of the city. Turning into Douglas avenue, which is adorned with many fine private residences, the first object of interest to many will be St. Peter's church, situated on a private street on the church property. This church is in charge of the Redemptionist Fathers. Proceeding along Douglas avenue, the famous falls of the river St. John are reached. They are unique, because the fall may be up river or down river, according to the flow or ebb of the tide, while at half tide, or slack water, the frailest boat may pass them without danger. The phenomenon is easily explained. The River St. John, flowing nearly 500 miles, and gathering from tributaries on the way, is forced to make its discharge into the harbor through a rocky chasm about 500 feet wide. At low water in the harbor, therefore, the river pouring through the gap creates a fall about fifteen feet high, while at high water the strong tides of the Bay of Fundy are forced into the river creating a reverse fall of equal height. At half tide there is an equilibrium, during the continuance of which navigation is made easy.

Across this gorge are two notable bridges. The first, a roadway suspension bridge, has a span of 640 feet, and is 70 feet above the highest tide. It was opened in 1853, and was the project of the late William K. Reynolds, by whose efforts it was carried to completion. It is now controlled by the provincial government.

The cantilever bridge connects the railway system of the east and west, and was opened in 1885. It has a main span of 447 feet and is a most substantial structure.

Crossing the suspension bridge, the provincial lunatic asylum is a conspicuous object. To the west of it is the thriving village of Fairville, and beyond it the "Mahogany" road, as people pronounce it, "Manawagonish" road as they spell it nowadays, and "Maogenes" road as it used to be spelled by those who tried to reduce the spoken words of the Indians to the English orthography. From this road, for several miles, is a clear and uninterrupted view of the Bay of Fundy.

To the east of the asylum are Lancaster Heights, with fine views of portions of the city and harbor, and from

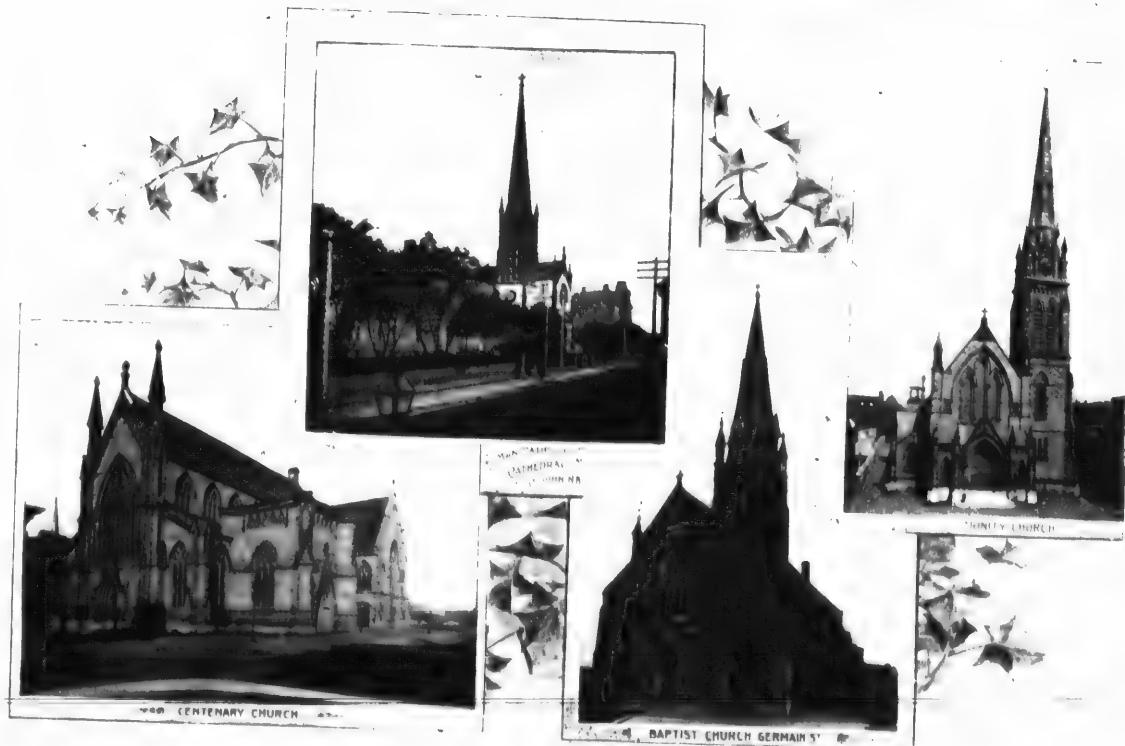
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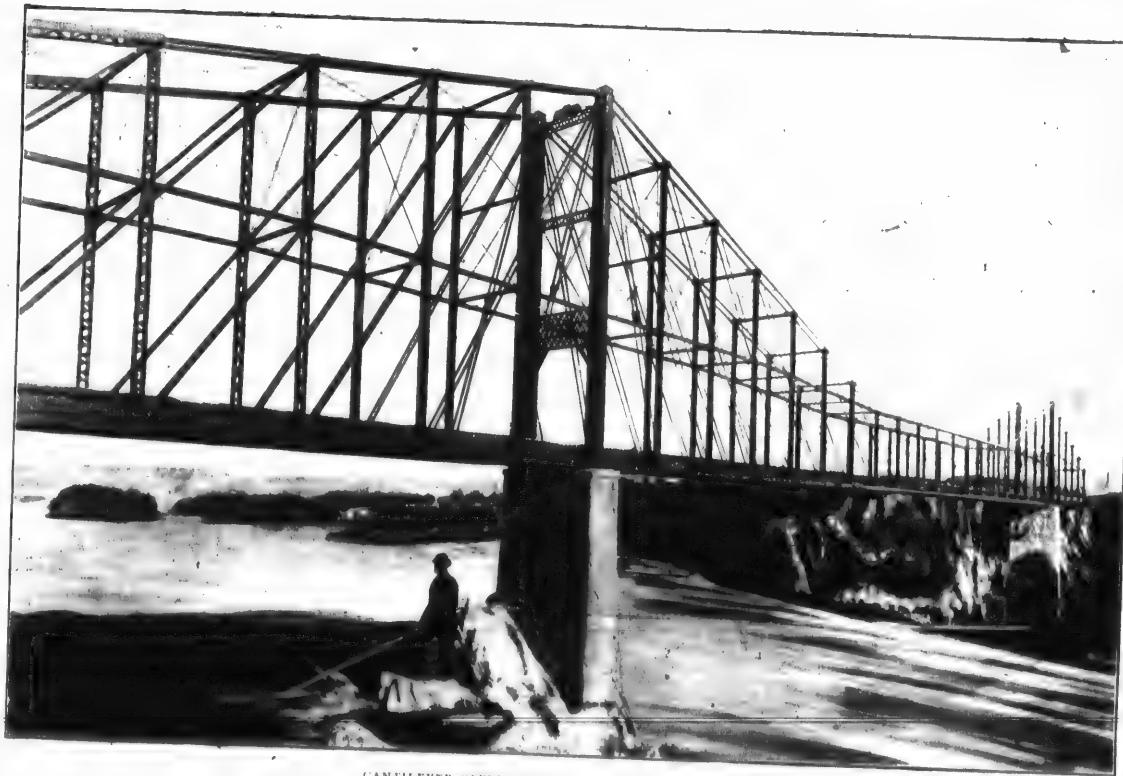
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CANTILEVER STEEL BRIDGE, OVER ST. JOHN RIVER.

DIMENSIONS: 94 FEET 3 INCHES ABOVE LOW WATER; TOTAL LENGTH, 1,011 FEET; DISTANCE BETWEEN PIERs, 477 FEET. COST OF BRIDGE, \$400,000.

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the many parts of Carleton, notably the hills near the Martello Tower, are as complete views as can be had. Just out of Carleton is the Bay Shore, a fine stretch of beach, which is every summer becoming more popular as a bathing place and pleasure resort.

The harbor of St. John merits more than the necessarily brief mention which can be given in a general sketch of this character. Safe, commodious and easily accessible at all seasons, it is a feature in which St. John can fear no rival in competing cities on the Atlantic seaboard. It is the only harbor north of Cape Hatteras which never freezes in the winter. It can accommodate, and has accommodated, vessels of the largest size. The "Great Republic," the largest merchant sailing ship ever built, sailed up the bay and came to anchor in the harbor without a tug. St. John has indeed a just claim to be the winter port of Canada, and now that the Canadian Pacific railway has constructed a grain elevator, business in the way of shipments from the west to Europe may be expected to reach large proportions. There is no reason why it should not, since the port of St. John gives the shortest and best winter route between the upper provinces and Great Britain.

Despite the strong currents and the great rise and fall of the tides, the harbor is a safe one even for the modern fancy pleasure boats which, in their style of build, give no positive assurance of safety even on a mill-pond. Many of them, with very amateur oarsmen and ladies, are to be found afloat during the summer months, and the rare cases of accident have been such as would have happened in any harbor in the world.

The streets of St. John have been referred to as unsurpassed by those of other cities. When it is remembered that some of them have been made over rough, steep hills, and that in some cases they have actually been excavated from the solid rock, the amount of labor done on them from first to last can be partly realized. Of recent years very large sums have been expended to produce work of a permanent character, and the miles upon miles of asphalt sidewalk, as well as the excellent block pavements, show that the money has not been expended in vain. The streets are well looked after, summer and winter, by a very efficient department of public works.

King street, extending across the city from east to west, has a royal width worthy of its name. The western section has the leading hotels and some of the most important business houses. The eastern division, after passing the Old Burial Ground, is devoted to handsome private residences. Dividing the two sections is the King Square, once a cedar swamp, but now a really beautiful park, with well kept beds of flowers, which even the vagrant dogs are learning to respect. A conspicuous object in the square is the monument to Fred Young, a lad who lost his life in trying to save another lad from drowning. Another monument is a memorial fountain erected to the memory of the Loyalist women. This is a second edition of that fountain. The first one was not to the popular taste.

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HOWE'S LAKE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Queen Square, while less attractive, because of the scarcity of fine shade trees, is still worthy of note, and is splendidly situated to command a view of the entrance of the harbor. Some handsome dwellings are found at each side of it and in the vicinity.

The Market Square makes no claim to beauty, but it is a very important part of St. John, as well as an historic spot. Here the Loyalists landed, when they came to hew out homes for themselves and their children, beneath the flag they would not forsake. The Sears drinking fountain, the gift of a descendant of the Loyalists, is the only memorial so far erected here, but he who seeks for a monument of the founders of the city may look around and find it in what has been built on the foundations they laid so wisely and well.

The Market Square is a great and important centre of traffic. It may be called a heart from which lead the arteries, east, south and north, with all their volume of travel. It is at the junction of four of the busiest streets in St. John—King, Prince William, Water and Dock, the latter being the chief medium of communication with the railway depot and the North end. From the Square, too, one reaches the North and South wharves where a heavy wholesale trade is carried on, while the Market Slip, between these wharves, is the mooring place of the schooners from all parts of the Bay of Fundy.

Prince William street, running south, is a thoroughly business thoroughfare, on which are located a number of public buildings and a large number of stores and offices. It begins at Union street and ends at Reed's Point, the landing place of the International Steamship Company. A good view of it is from Chipman's Hill, where, by the way, stood until recently, but very much out of repair, the oldest wooden house in St. John. The sawn lumber for it was brought from New York by the Loyalists.

Among the many imposing buildings on the street, the chief ones to attract attention are those of the Western Union Telegraph Company, at the foot of King street; the Bank of Montreal building, on the opposite corner, containing the offices of the Canadian Pacific Railway and Telegraph Company; the City Hall; the Post-office; Bank of New Brunswick; Bank of Nova Scotia and the Custom House. The latter is the latest and most complete of all the public buildings, having replaced the structure partially destroyed by fire in 1892. The present building is not only very handsomely finished, but is believed to be as far fire-proof as any structure can be made.

Chubbs' Corner, near the post-office, city hall and banks, is a famous spot, the great resort of business men in the morning, and in point of fact an out-door merchants' exchange.

The wharves of the International Steamship Company, at Reed's Point, are known to travellers from all parts

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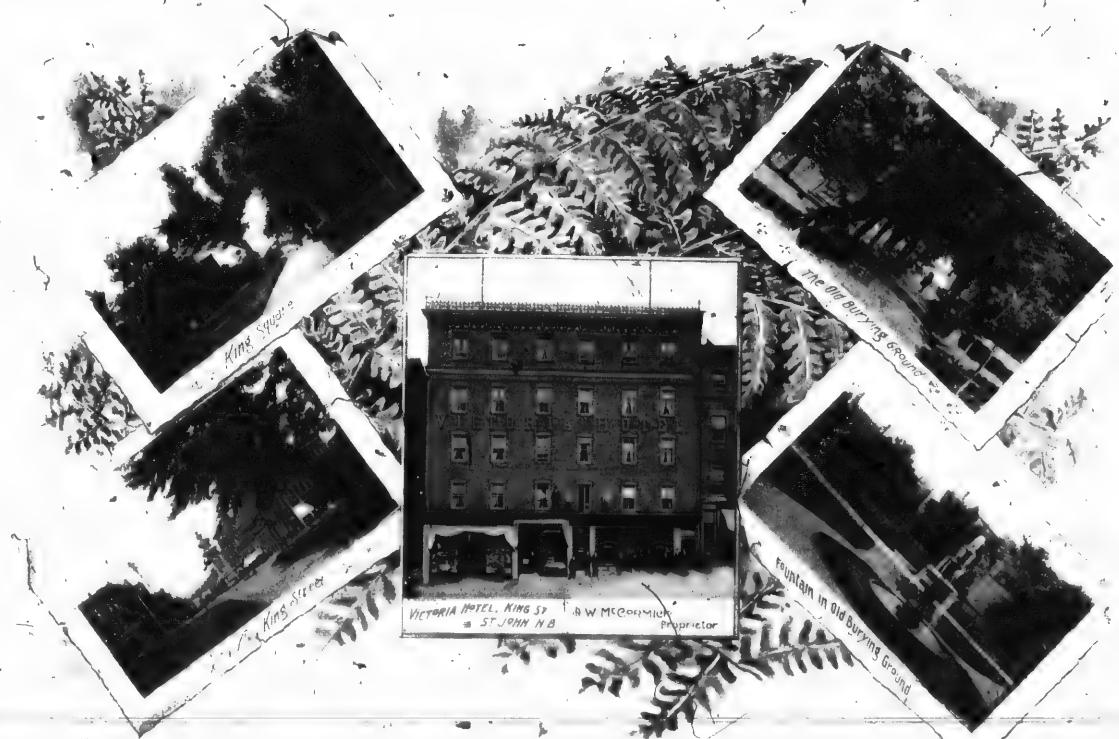
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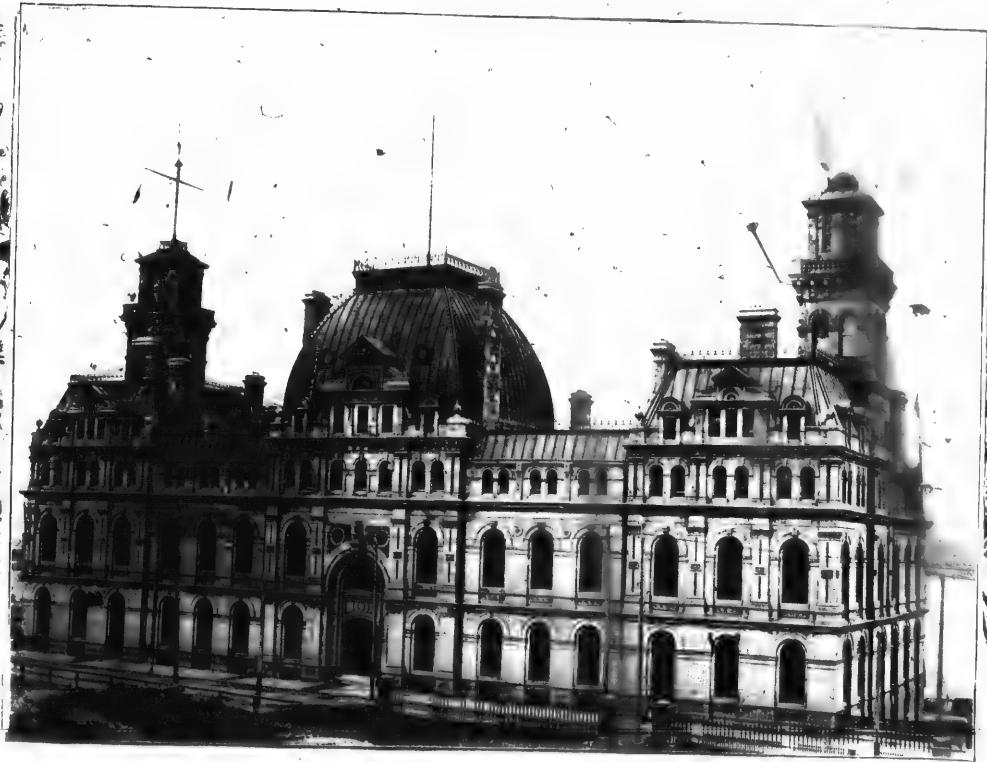
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CUSTOM HOUSE, PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN, N. E.

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of the globe. The steamer service to Eastport, Portland and Boston, has been something on which the people have relied almost since steamboats were invented. There was a steamer to Eastport as far back as 1825, and the International Company has been running its boats since 1861, keeping pace with the times, and giving a swift, safe and in all ways satisfactory service. The travel by this route continues to increase from year to year despite all the facilities which exist for travel by rail.

Near by are the wharves of the Bay of Fundy Steamship Company, giving a splendid service across the bay to Digby, Annapolis and the Land of Evangeline. The trip is one of the most delightful that can be taken in this country of attractive excursions, and the summer months see a constant stream of travel by thousands who find a great deal of pleasure at a very small cost.

Speaking of summer excursions, there is one so well known that it need be merely mentioned. The River St. John is sometimes called the Rhine of America, and when one wants to see some of the beauties of it, the steamers of the Star line will give every facility on its regular trips throughout the summer.

Sometimes the St. John is navigated in mid-winter, which shows that the climate is not so severe as some writers at a distance have led people to believe, in regard to this part of the world. On the 17th of January, 1892, the river was so free from ice that a tug boat made a trip to a point sixteen miles from the city.

Travellers by rail to and from St. John are familiar with the Intercolonial depot, where trains of the Intercolonial and Canadian Pacific arrive and depart. It is a fine building, within and without, and is well worthy of the great railways by which it is used.

While on the subject of travel, it may be remarked that while St. John has no distinctively great hotel, it has several which in everything but mammoth proportions are as good as need be desired. There are a number of excellent houses, at any one of which the traveller will find comfort, but the two leading houses longest known to the public are the Royal and Victoria, on King street.

In addition to buildings of note already named, the stroller around town will find many others to interest him. The General Public Hospital, admirably located on a hill, is a conspicuous feature from many points of view. The exterior is plain, but the interior arrangements are in line with the advance of the time in medical and surgical science. The institution is well managed, and the training school for nurses has attracted and continues to enlist the services of some of the brightest young ladies in the province.

Beyond the hospital, to the eastward, is the favorite drive known as the Marsh road, with the Rural Cemetery on

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one of the objects of interest. Continuing along this road, an easy level drive of nine miles, Rothesay is reached, and a beautiful stretch of the Kennebecasis river, seen at various points on the way, is here seen to the best advantage.

Rothesay is a very beautiful place, where prominent business and professional men have their homes, some for the summer season only and others for the entire year. The residences, fine specimens of suburban houses, have grounds in which nature and art have united to attract the eye and satisfy the artistic sense. The village is so easily reached by rail that one may have his home here and yet be as little inconvenienced by the distance as if he lived in the city. The placid water of the Kennebecasis affords not only pleasure to the spectator as part of the scenery, but is the haunt of all classes of fashionable pleasure craft, from the light canoe to the elaborately furnished house boat. A summer outing at Rothesay is one of the best appreciated pleasures of many well known citizens and their families.

Returning to the city and its buildings, the largest of all are those devoted to exhibition purposes, on the old military grounds. The exhibitions are held every year or two, but have not yet become an annual feature. Around the shore at this part of the harbor will, in due time, be a boulevard, finished as the wants of the public require. Even now, little as has been done to improve the place, it is one of the most desirable spots for an afternoon visit, when one wants to enjoy the summer sunshine and the ocean breeze without having to go too far for this luxury of rich and poor alike.

While in this part of the city three buildings prominently in view are the Protestant Orphan Asylum, the Wiggins Male Orphan Institution and the Marine Hospital building. The latter, an ornate structure, is no longer used for the reception of patients, the sailors being cared for at the General Public Hospital.

St. John has a number of fine school buildings, a good specimen of which is seen in the Victoria school, Sidney street.

Other buildings in this class are the Centennial school, Brussels street, and the Winter street school. The Masonic Temple, Germain street, is an imposing looking structure. The Free Public Library has its quarters on the first floor, while the second and third floors are used by the Masonic Fraternity. In addition to the main lodge room, the Knights Templar have a handsomely furnished armory, while the apartments of the Scottish Rite bodies on the upper floor have no equal this side of Hamilton, Ontario.

The Odd Fellows Hall, Union street, is another fine building, and in addition to the apartments occupied by the order, contains the St. John grammar school.

The Young Men's Christian Association has its building on Charlotte street, and is a very popular institution.

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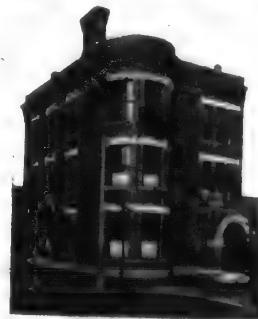
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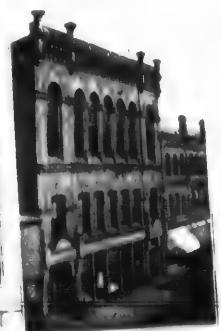


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Great advantages are offered in the way of classes in various branches of useful knowledge, and there is a gymnasium with every facility for physical training. Large and well lighted reading-rooms, parlors, etc., are at the service of the members, and the conveniences in the way of baths are of a very superior character.

The Union Club House, Germain street, has a very graceful exterior, and within is furnished with all that can contribute to the comfort of its members, among whom are many leading citizens.

The Opera House, Union street, is well arranged for all classes of dramatic and musical performances, and some very excellent companies and individual artists have appeared there in recent years.

A grey and rather grim looking building is the county Court House, which faces King Square, and is "on" King street in a literal sense of the term, since it encroaches some distance on the roadway. When it was built, in 1828, nobody thought the street in that rather remote part of the town would suffer by having a little infringement on its lines, and so the mistake was committed for posterity to regret. The Court House, until comparatively recent times had a portico and stairs at its entrance, which were consistent with the style of architecture. They encroached on the sidewalk of Carmarthen street, however, so they were taken away and the appearance of the building marred for all time by the present convenient, but ungainly, doorway.

Beyond the Court House, on the King street side, are the registry office, jail and police building, none of them calling for special remark, except the police office, which is as awkward looking as they make buildings anywhere.

Facing all these, is the old burial ground, the resting place of many of the Loyalists, but not used for interments since 1848. It is well kept and the flower beds add much to its attractiveness in the summer.

The churches of St. John are so numerous as to need a book by themselves. There are nearly half a hundred, of them and many of them are fine specimens of architecture without and within. Taking them in the order of their establishment, though not of age as regards the existing structures, the oldest is Trinity church, the lot of which extends from Germain to Charlotte streets. Old Trinity was opened in 1791, but the present buildings were put up after the fire of 1877. Trinity has a commanding site, is of fine proportions, and is built of stone, as is also the school building at the rear. It is a very handsome church inside. The town clock and a chime of bells bring it prominently to the minds of thousands who do not worship there. The oldest Anglican church edifice is that of St. George's, Carleton, built in 1822, and the next is the Stone church, on Carleton street, built in 1824. Other churches of this denomination are St. Pauls, St. Lukes, Mission, St. Mary's and St. James.

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MARKET SQUARE, NORTH SIDE, ST. JOHN, N.B.



New Harbor from Fort Howe



UNION STATION (INTERCOLONIAL AND CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAYS), ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Methodists are next in order of time. The Germain street church was built in 1808, but the site was abandoned after the fire, and the congregation is now found at the Queen Square church, which has a very fine site. The Centenary, a stately structure, is the finest specimen of the churches of this body. Other churches are the Exmouth street, Carmarthen street, Zion, Portland and Carlton.

Exmouth street, Carmarthen street, Zion, Portland and Carleton. St. Malachi's chapel, built in 1815, was the first Catholic church in St. John. The site is now occupied by St. Malachi's Hall. There are now five churches, including the Cathedral, and some beautiful buildings, such as the Bishop's palace, Monastery of the Good Shepherd, the Convent and the House of the Sisters of Charity, Misericordia Hospital, Orphan Asylum, etc. The Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception is a noble structure, and a notable feature of its exterior is a marble representation of the Last Supper. The tower has a very sweet chime of bells. The other Catholic churches are St. John the Baptist, Holy Trinity, St. Peter and the Church of the Assumption, Carleton, etc. The Catholic population of St. John to-day is a noticeably large number.

The Presbyterians opened St. Andrews kirk in 1817, and the St. Andrews church of to-day is a noticeably handsome building. St. David's, Sidney street, is also a structure of fine dimensions and attractive appearance. Other Presbyterian churches are St. Stephen's, St. John, Calvin, Carleton, and the Reformed Presbyterian.

Other Presbyterian churches are St. Stephen's, St. John's, Cavan, Carleton, etc. The Germain street Baptist church, the first of that denomination in St. John's, was built in 1818. The structure now bearing the name is a handsome edifice, with a large congregation, and continues to enjoy a large measure of prosperity. There are quite a number of other churches of Baptist, Free Baptist, Disciples, Reformed Baptist, etc., but the principal edifices are those of Brussels street, Leinster street, Coburg street and Carleton. There are also a variety of others, including the African

Then there is a Congregational church, a Unitarian church, and a variety of others, including the African Methodist Episcopal. Altogether, St. John has no lack of places of worship, and it may be added the people as a rule, are church goers.

Each year St. John is becoming better known to the outside world as a summer resort, and strangers who visit it once go away with the wish and the hope that they may come again. The climate offers so many attractions, as being just right for the average idea of comfort, that few places can enter into competition with the city in that respect. The old and erroneous belief of strangers, that fog was prevalent most of the time, has been dissipated by the actual experience of thousands who have remained for weeks and departed without having seen one foggy day during their stay. Some have been less lucky, but anybody who has given the climate a fair trial has never had cause to say aught than praise for it. It is the ideal city for the tourist in search of health and pleasure, within the least distance of the great business centres of New England and the Middle States.

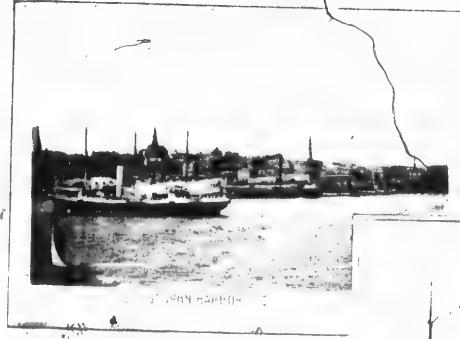
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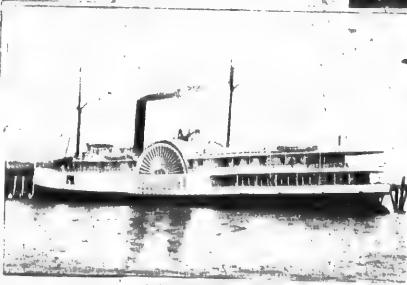
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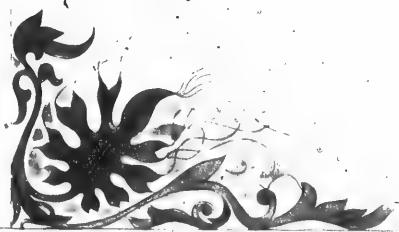


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CUTLER MAINE



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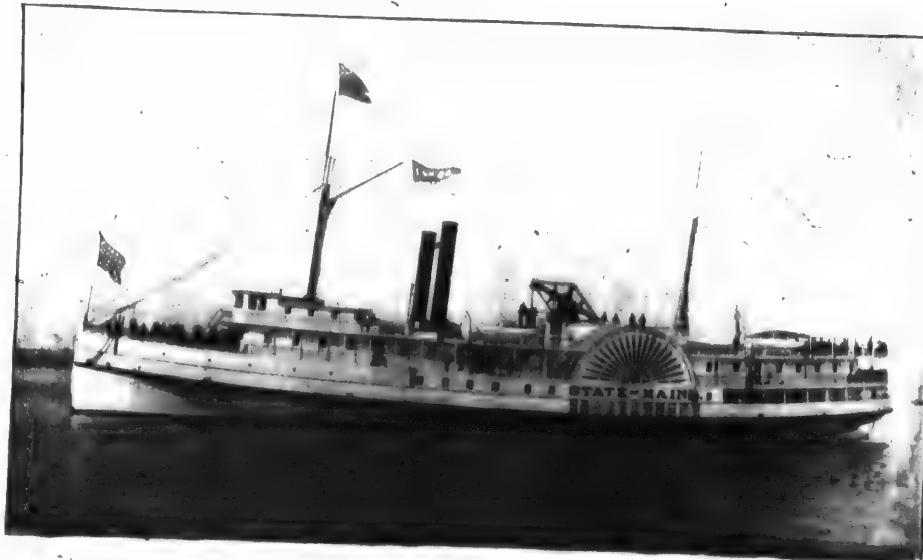
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SMOKING ROOM

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INTERIOR VIEW OF THE LEADING SHOE HOUSE IN THE MARITIME PROVINCE
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W. H. COOPER & SONS

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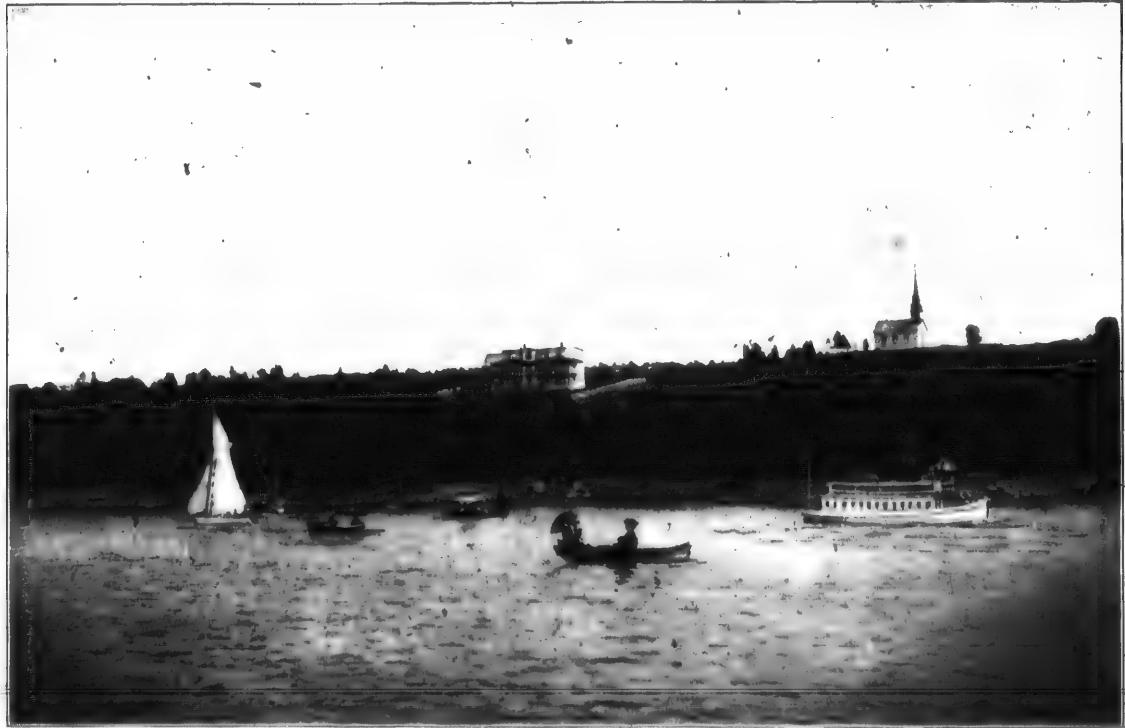
The River St. John.

SOME have called it "The Rhine of America." Nearly everybody who has anything to say about it uses that phrase with the idea that it is at once clear, complimentary and comprehensive. It is possible, even probable, that the first man to whom this comparison came as a happy thought had seen the Rhine, or at least was well acquainted with somebody who had seen it, but as much cannot be said for the majority of those who use the expression nowadays. Few, very few, of those who admire the beauties of the River St. John know any more about the Rhine than they do about the great wall of China.

So far as can be learned, the Rhine and the St. John have little in common, save that both enjoy the possession of beautiful scenery. Yet the scenery of the one is not the scenery of the other. The one is a rather dirty river, flowing with Teutonic apathy through an old and settled country where the cities were finished centuries ago, and where the villages stopped growing about the same time; the other is a noble stream of clear water, flowing in majesty to the sea through a new and glorious country of which the possibilities are yet to be determined. Year by year its cities increase in size and commercial importance, while the flourishing settlements along its banks grow apace as the wonderful wealth of the fertile lands is more fully developed. The St. John has a character of its own, and needs not to build a reputation on the fame of the rivers of other lands. It can well afford to rest on what is distinctively its own.

It is a wonderful river. Taking its rise among the hills of Maine, for nearly five hundred miles it flows through forest and settled country, past cities, towns and prosperous villages, at times pent in and thundering in the mighty waterfall or rushing in swift rapids. At times, again, it broadens, its surface measured by the mile, as smooth and mirror-like as a sheltered lake. The most frail of crafts, the birch canoe, may safely make the journey of this great water-way, interrupted only at the upper portion of the river by an occasional portage, and ladies are among those who have enjoyed the delights of such an outing.

This mighty river, with its tributaries, drains two million acres in Quebec, six million in Maine, and nine million in New Brunswick. In the ordinary course of nature such a river would have a wide outlet to the sea, but in this respect the St. John differs from all the famous rivers of the world. This great body of water, flowing for



THE CEDARS. W. B. GANONG, MANAGER, ON THE RIVER ST. JOHN.



RANDOLPH & BAKER'S LUMBER MILL AND LIME KILNS, RANDOLPH, N.H.

such a distance, and gathering volume with every mile of its course, has its outlet through a rocky gorge less than five hundred feet wide. Across this gorge are stretched the St. John bridges at a dizzy height above the flood. Reaching this outlet, the waters rush through it with terrific force and form the most remarkable falls. When the tide is low in the harbor, the outflowing river has a fall of fifteen feet; but when the tide is high, the sea flowing back into the river reverses this fall. At such times no craft could live in this swirling cauldron. It is only at half-tide, or slack water, that navigation is possible, and then even an ordinary row boat may pass in safety.

When or how this rocky pass was formed can be only a matter of vain conjecture. There is a theory, which seems reasonable enough, that the course of the river was once through the valley now traversed by the Intercolonial Railway from St. John to the Kennebecasis, and that the outlet was at Courtenay Bay, to the northeast of the city. By some mighty convulsion of nature the rock at the falls was rent asunder and the course of the river changed. "Split Rock," in its appearance, bears out this idea. The whole face of the cliffs on both sides is suggestive of a violent disruption.

The ascent of the river is usually made with Indiantown as the starting point. The Star Line Steamship Company gives an excellent daily service throughout the season, to Fredericton and all intermediate points. Two fine steamers are engaged in this service, connecting with the railway lines at the capital and with a steamer for Woodstock and other points up the river. The same company also has a tri-weekly service on the Belleisle route to Springfield, Kings County, as well as a Saturday and Monday service to and from Long Island. There is also a tri-weekly service to Cole's Island, Washademoak Lake. The steamer wharf is reached by the electric cars from all parts of St. John, so that the facilities for cheap and convenient travel cannot well be surpassed. The fare by steamer from St. John to Fredericton is only one dollar, and the rates are proportioned to the distance for the various stopping places between the two cities.

There is no lack of these. In this distance of 84 miles the stopping places are no less than forty in number. This does not mean that the through trip is delayed by a stop at each of these places, but that stops are made only when there are passengers or freight to be put ashore or taken aboard. This work is expedited by boats putting off from the shore, while the steamer's headway is stopped just long enough to permit the transfers to be made. The scenes on such occasions are, of themselves, of no small interest to strangers.

After leaving Indiantown, the lower portion of the river is bordered by a series of hills, some of which are singularly bold in their contour. Passing through a narrow part of the river between these hills, and leaving the

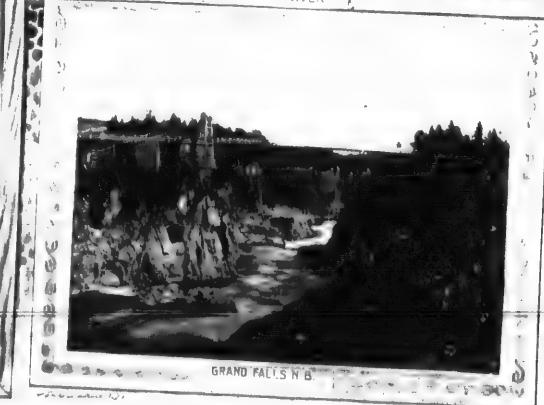
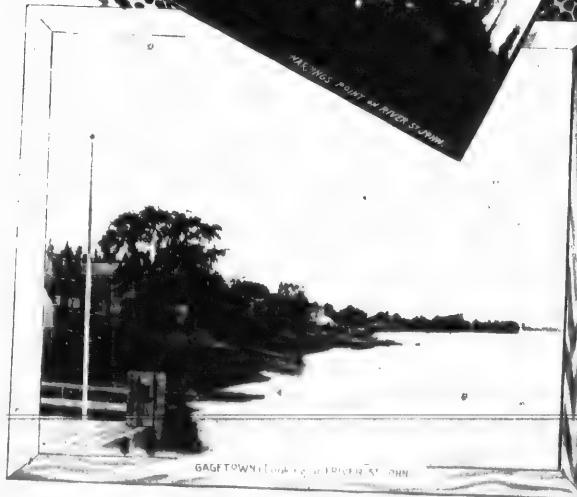
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picturesque promontory of Boar's Head in the rear, the steamer emerges into the broad and beautiful sheet of water known as Grand Bay, South Bay, the seat of lumber industries, being passed on the left. The Kennebecasis, a river of no mean importance in itself, unites with the St. John a few miles above the city, and in this vicinity are as fine yachting waters as can be found in this part of the world.

Ten miles up is Westfield, a charming place, much in favor with St. John families as a summer resort. Its proximity to the city and the ease with which it is reached, both by railway and steamer, have done much to increase its popularity in recent years. It is also much in favor as a picnic ground. The hotel accommodation is excellent.

The Nerepis, on the east side of the river is another tributary of the St. John. Passing this, the steamer enters the Long Reach, a body of water sixteen miles long and with a width of from one to three miles. At Porter's Landing, 18 miles from the city, is a new summer hotel and grounds, known as "The Cedars." The location is admirable, both as regards the view and the surroundings, and as the hotel has been run in first-class style, the patronage has been very large. Since the first season much has been done to improve the grounds, and there can be no doubt of the continued popularity of "The Cedars" in the future.

The Devil's Back is the striking name of a spur of the minor Alleghany mountain chain which is seen in this vicinity. The title is in striking contrast to that of the Minister's Face, which is to be found on the Kennebecasis river, not far from Rothesay.

Passing Oak Point, an old settled and still popular place for summer excursions, the steamer reaches Vanwart's, 30 miles from the city, where a good dinner and other requisite accommodation can always be had by the traveller. Between this and Oak Point are at least two objects of interest. One of these is Grassy Island, famed for the richness and abundance of its hay, and the other is a curious blind channel known as The Mistake.

Just above The Mistake, on the west side of the river, is the almost hidden entrance to Belleisle Bay. This is a fine body of water, nearly fourteen miles long, with a width of one mile for the entire distance. It affords ample room and safe navigation for all kinds of craft, and its surroundings of tree-clad hills form some very attractive bits of scenery. Kingston, an old but very quiet village, is located on a small stream which empties into the Belleisle.

Spoon Island, between Vanwart's and Hampstead, has a reputation on account of the superior quality of grey granite which has been quarried there. This quarry was originally opened in 1851, to supply the material for the towers of the St. John suspension bridge.

Hampstead is a fair and flourishing place, with good accommodations for visitors, and it is in the midst of a

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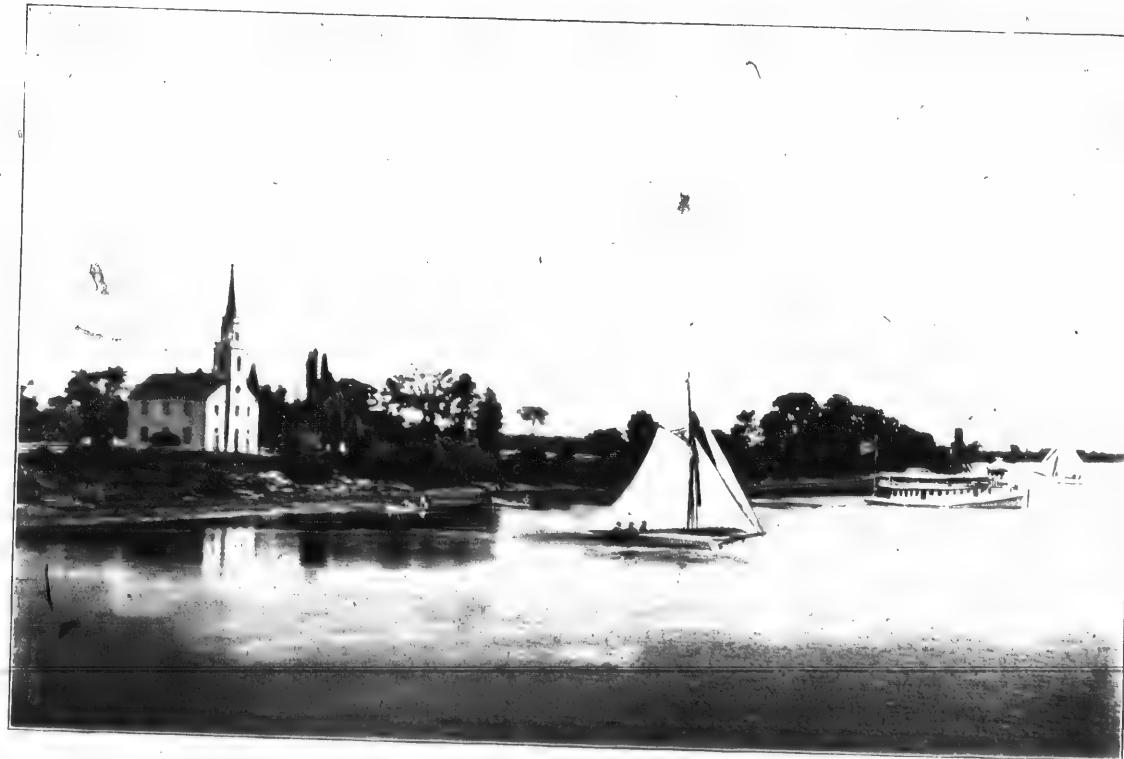
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SHEFFIELD, ON THE RIVER ST. JOHN.

very fertile part of the country. As the ascent of the river is continued, the land becomes more and more level, and wide stretches of rich farming district meet the eye. Long Island, with a length of about five miles, makes a fine appearance with its rich meadows dotted with graceful elms and other trees. To the east of it is the mouth of the Washademoak and the entrance to Washademoak Lake. The latter is a wide part of the Washademoak river, continuing for about thirty miles, and varying in its width from half a mile in some parts to two miles in other parts.

Fifty miles from St. John is the Jemseg, an historic spot, where the French erected and garrisoned a fort, more than 250 years ago. At one time, in 1692, this was the capital of Acadia. The Jemseg is the outlet of Grand Lake, which has a length of thirty miles, and a width of from three to nine miles.

Gagetown is a place of considerable importance, being the shiretown of Queens county, and the centre of a rich agricultural district. The scenery at this part of the river, and thence to Fredericton is of low lands in a high state of cultivation, which give abundant evidence of an industrious, prosperous and contented people. Though devoid of the striking effects to be found in the hilly and timbered country, the landscape has many charms, and a very pretty picture is presented by the green fields and the white houses of the villages along the banks on either side. Especially is this noticeable at Sheffield, an old settlement where the New England congregationalists were the early settlers, and from which place have come some of the men who have been most prominent in the political and other affairs of the province. This part of the river has been called the Garden of New Brunswick, for nowhere else is found so large a tract of the rich alluvial soil.

Maugerville, 71 miles from St. John, is the oldest English settlement on the river, having been settled in 1763, twenty years before the landing of the Loyalists. No less than one hundred families were located there at the breaking out of the American Revolution, and the local historian can find an abundance of material in the records of this old and interesting settlement. Oromocto, on the opposite shore, was once a great Indian village, and many traces of the Red Man's occupation have been unearthed in recent years. It must be admitted that in making their abode at such places as Oromocto and the Jemseg, the Indians showed a keen appreciation of the beautiful in nature, for they chose as fair spots as mortal man need desire for a restful life, where all around breathed the spirit of peace and plenty.

Beyond Fredericton and the Nashwaak is the Upper St. John.* Owing to the shoals in some portions of it, the trip to Woodstock is made in steamers of light draught, built in what some have termed the "wheelbarrow" style, which will be familiar to those who have made the journey of the Mississippi. In this pattern of boat, there are no

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THE BOSTON DENTAL PARLORS, 527 MAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N.B.—THE HOME OF PAINLESS DENTISTRY.
DR. J. D. MAHER DR. W. A. BURK DR. W. T. GOODWIN DR. K. J. FITZSIMMONS.

paddle wheels at the sides, but the propulsion is by a wheel at the stern. The greater portion of such wheels is out of the water, and presents a curious sight to one who has never seen such a device. By means of it, however, navigation is easily accomplished in parts of the river where a side wheel steamer would be speedily brought to a standstill.

The traveller will be well rewarded by taking one of these steamers to Woodstock. The scenery of the upper part of the river is somewhat different from that of the lower part, but, in some respects, even more attractive. The broad stream flows very rapidly in places, and the hills along the shore rise boldly, the dark green of the waving forests contrasting sharply with the clear summer sky. Here and there are seen low islands, covered with luxuriant grasses, margined with thick shrubbery and vines, over which tower the tall and graceful elms and maples. The ways between the islands are, for the most part, narrow and intricate passes, demanding a high degree of skill and attention on the part of those to whom the navigation of the steamer is entrusted. Accidents do not happen, however, and even should they, the passenger has nothing to fear except the delay, though the grounding or running ashore might mean much more to the owners of the steamer.

The islands in question are rich and fertile, not by the labor of the husbandman, but by nature's bounty. No weary toil is required in order to make them yield their crops, season after season, and as with the intervals lands all along the river, the waters themselves, in freshet times, leave their fertilizing deposit, and thus renew the properties of the soil from year to year. The owners of such lands have a rich and never failing heritage.

These islands are by no means common to this part of the river. Long stretches of clear water occur which afford fine views of the surrounding country. Neat farmhouses dot the landscape, with orchards, gardens and well tilled fields. Everywhere is the evidence of comfort and content. This is not a part of the country from which the young men are prone to emigrate to other lands, and if, in occasional instances, they do so, they are apt to quickly realize the mistake they have made.

The trip from Fredericton to Woodstock, a distance of a little more than 60 miles, occupies about ten hours. This slow rate of progress is due to the fact that, for the greater part of the journey, the steamer has to contend against a strong current, which rushes so fiercely in places that portions of the stream are dignified by the name of falls. The return journey, with the current in the steamer's favor, is made much more rapidly. On either journey the traveller will find more than enough enjoyment to repay him for his time and trouble. For a trifling expense, and almost within a day, the seeker for pleasure can enjoy on the St. John what would require a weary journey and heavy outlay in many other places.

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One specially fine piece of scenery on the river is at Pokiok, 39 miles from Fredericton, where the river of that name joins the St. John. The Pokiok, coming from Lake George, descends over a rocky barrier in a perpendicular fall of about 40 feet, and makes its way, in a channel 25 feet wide, between high rocky walls, for a distance of 1,200 feet. The depth of the stream here is said to be about 75 feet in the deepest parts, while in other places the water flows swiftly and fiercely over rocky declivities until it reaches the main river. At those seasons of the year when the water is high, a view of the Pokiok falls is well worth a long journey.

Woodstock is a flourishing place, the seat of a number of industries, and the centre of a large amount of business. The surroundings, as regards scenery are especially worthy of note, and a day spent in the vicinity cannot fail to give the visitor a series of pleasant impressions. Woodstock, too, has more than local fame on account of the superior quality of its iron ore, which, by reason of its toughness, is high in favor with the British government. Severe tests of it, have demonstrated that it has no rival in its adaptability to naval uses in the construction of steel armor plates.

While it is not in the compass of this sketch to do more than deal, in general terms, with the river in its relation to St. John and Fredericton, at least a passing reference must be made to Grand Falls, 75 miles above Woodstock. In the whole range of the Maritime Provinces, there is nothing to be compared with this cataract, either as regards size or grandeur. The total fall is about 422 feet, part of which is one clear descent over a precipice of 58 feet. Below this there is a descent for an equal distance through a rocky chasm 250 feet wide, the cliffs on each side towering at times to the height of 240 feet. A visit to the falls at times when thousands of logs are passing over is an experience never to be forgotten.

The praises of the River St. John have been sounded by many, and some of its admirers have had a tendency to exaggerate its attractions. It is not well that this should be done. The stranger who is led to expect a series of sublime views, or a great variety of scenery, is likely to be disappointed. It is better to let him see and judge for himself. The river has beauties and to spare, though they are chiefly of the quiet rural landscape, which is of itself attractive enough to all lovers of nature. Seen for what it is, a journey up and down its waters must always please and never disappoint the stranger, and though it may remind the travelled tourist of neither the Rhine nor the Hudson, he will find much to make his trip a satisfying one. Nobody who visits the province in quest of pleasure can afford to miss the attractions of the River St. John.

Fredericton and Vicinity.

FREDERICTON has been described by an American guide book as "probably the quietest place of its size north of the Potomac river." It is evident that whoever wrote this misleading description was either tainted by envy of the fair capital, or had come fresh from the mad excitement of some such place as Eastport, or perchance from some such centre of mad activity as Marblehead. Fredericton is, indeed, a city where the visitor may find rest and peace, but so far as business industry is concerned, so far as relates to the gayety of social life, it has naught of which to be ashamed. At certain seasons, as during the session of the legislature, few places of its size can surpass it for the bustle of business and the display of energy. For months it is the centre which claims the attention of all classes in all parts of the province, and for more than a hundred years it has been the seat from which have emanated the laws which affect the most immediate interests of the people.

Fredericton has long borne the affectionate title of the Celestial City. The stranger who visits it in the summer season, beholds its beauties and enjoys its peace, will not wonder at the title. It is a fair spot on one of the most beautiful rivers of America, and one which no traveller can afford to pass by under the impression that there is nothing to see or to be learned. It is not only a beautiful city, but an historic one as well, and it stands to the front to-day in more than one aspect of primary importance.

Not only is Fredericton the capital of New Brunswick, the residence of the governor, the seat of the legislature and of the law courts, but it is the cathedral city of the Church of England in this province and the see of the bishop. The late Bishop of Fredericton, the Right Reverend John Medley, was also the Metropolitan of all Canada. He died at a ripe old age, a few years ago, a patriarch among the bishops of his communion the world over, honored and revered by all classes and creeds of the thousands who knew of his well-spent life.

Then, too, Fredericton is a university town. The University of New Brunswick, established as King's College, has reached the age of nearly three score years and ten, and its history is written in the lives of some of the most notable of the sons of the province.

The city is, in a sense, a military centre as well, for here is located the Royal School of Infantry, the only body



QUEEN STREET, FREDERICTON, N. B.

in the province on permanent garrison duty. There are many other respects in which Fredericton is notable, which will be referred to from time to time in the following pages.

Nearly three hundred years ago, in 1604, the French explorer, De Monts, visited the site of the city, and later, in 1690, the Chevalier de Villebon, Governor of Acadia, crossed the Bay of Fundy from Port Royal, and ascended the River St. John to this point. On the easterly bank of the river he built Fort Nashwaak, and later, a French village was founded at Point St. Anne, on the westerly bank. This was the beginning of Fredericton, which for some years after the French had gone and the English were masters, refined the record of the ancient possession, under the name of St. Ann's. It has been the capital of New Brunswick since 1785.

The choice of a capital was grounded on sound, practical reasons. At that time, when railways had not begun to exist even in dreams, and the river and the highway were the sole modes of communication, the location was central in respect to all parts of the province. It is equally central to-day, though the toilsome journeys of the past. Two lines of railway, the Canadian Pacific and the Canada Eastern, with their connecting lines, now give swift and easy access from the most remote points. The former of these roads gives direct connection with St. John and the up river counties, while the latter, running eastwardly across the country to Miramichi, taps the Intercoloni-
al system. Apart from the beautiful voyage by the river, Fredericton is an easy place to reach, and a place worth seeing when one does reach it.

The first point with a traveller arriving in a city is to make sure of good accommodation. There are excellent hotels here. The leading houses are the Barker and the Queen, both of which have a wide reputation, and are fully equipped to cater to every want of the traveller. Other good hotels, but on a smaller scale, are the Lorne, Royal, City Hotel and Commercial House. The traveller can take his choice and be well served at all.

What to see after reaching the city is easily answered. One has only to look around and find attractive sights everywhere. It is a matter of taste where the tour of inspection should begin.

The parliament building may be first taken. It has no savor of antiquity about it, having been built to replace the structure destroyed by fire in 1879. It is of a very different style of architecture from the old building, or collection of buildings, constructed of wood in a severely simple style. The present abode of the legislature is of freestone, with a handsome front in the Corinthian style. It has two stories and a mansard, and a splendid view is to be had from the cupola. Within the building, in addition to the legislative chambers, which are of interest to most visitors, are some old paintings by master hands, including one of George the Third, by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

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PARLIAMENT BUILDING, FREDRICKTON, N. B.



CATHEDRAL FREDERICTON, N.B.



NEW KIRK FREDERICTON, N.B.



RESIDENCE OF JAMES S. NEILL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

In the library is one of the rarest of famous works, Audobon's Birds, originally prepared by that famous naturalist for Louis Phillippe of France.

Christ Church cathedral is a beautiful and enduring monument of the zeal, perseverance and good taste of the late Bishop Medley. He was the first Anglican bishop of this diocese, coming here in 1844 and laboring until he "fell on sleep," full of years and honors, in 1892. The building is a fine specimen of English Gothic architecture, with a spire 178 feet high. Situated as the edifice is in a grove of beautiful trees, the exterior view is most attractive to the eye, while the interior is finished in admirable taste. The stained glass chancel window is especially worthy of note. The tower has a chime of eight bells. Bishop Medley is buried on the grounds, near the building, the spot having been selected by himself some years before his death.

The University of New Brunswick, standing out boldly against the sky on College Hill, at the rear of the city, is one of the first objects to attract the eye. The building is of freestone and has an old-time look of solidity about it. The college dates back to 1828, when it was established by royal charter. For many years only those who subscribed to the articles of the Church of England could avail themselves of the privileges of this institution, but it was finally thrown open to all denominations. From the hill on which the college stands is one of the finest possible views of Fredericton and vicinity and of the river above and below the city.

The old Government House, though now only so in name, is another object of interest. Like the university, it is one of those old-time stone structures which look as though they were built less for ornate effect than to withstand the ravages of time. It is a year or two older than the college building, having been erected by Sir Howard Douglas, who was governor of the province from 1824 to 1828. It is situated at the west end of the city, and is surrounded by spacious and attractive grounds. It was the official residence of the governors under Imperial rule, and of all but the later governors since Confederation. Its tenants have included many whose names have a lasting place in England's history, and even greater than they have been among its guests. The most notable of the latter was the Prince of Wales, when he visited the province in 1860. The room he then occupied as a sleeping apartment is preserved as it was when he left it. The expenses of Government House were borne by the province, and a few years ago it was decided that such an expenditure was unnecessary, whereupon the historic official residence was closed.

The Military Grounds, between Queen street and the river, in the heart of the city, tell of the glories of the days when the Imperial troops were quartered here, and the gay scarlet uniform met the eye at every step. Some of the best blood of England has run in the veins of officers stationed here, and some famous regiments have marched

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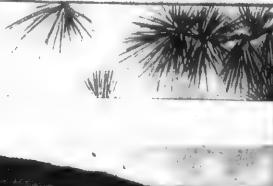
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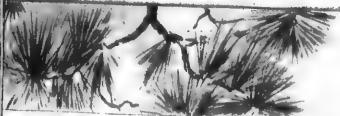
OFFICER'S SQUARE, QUEEN ST.



OLD ELMS FILTON



BARKER HOUSE



PENNAC BRIDGE



KILLARNEY.
RESIDENCE OF FRED. B. COLEMAN.

on the parade ground. The barrack buildings have accommodations for more than a thousand men. The Royal Infantry School now has charge of the grounds and buildings. This body is composed of men from all sections of the maritime provinces, with a permanent strength of about one hundred, and is in charge of veteran instructors.

Queen street is the chief thoroughfare of Fredericton, and on it are situated the leading hotels, places of business, etc. A delightful street it is, near enough to the river and level from one end to the other. The whole city is so level, in fact, that one who has been accustomed to the hills of St. John rather misses the climbing process. In the same way, a resident of Fredericton is apt to be tired after a busy day spent on foot around the streets of St. John. It is true that in Fredericton one may climb if he chooses to do so—there is a hill at the rear of the city—but in the ordinary course of business it is quite unnecessary to do anything of the kind.

Strolling along these level streets, one sees on every hand the evidence of enterprise and good taste, whether in public or semi-public buildings or in private residences and grounds. The people seem to enjoy life in a healthful way, and the air is so pure and invigorating that it is almost a surprise to find a hospital close to the old Government House grounds. Fredericton managed to do without such an institution for a century after it became the capital, but as in a population of 8,000 people or so, sickness must come and accidents will happen, the Victoria Hospital was opened in 1888. It owes its origin to the efforts of Lady Tilley, wife of Sir Leonard Tilley, who was then Lieutenant governor. Liberal donations to the cause were made by the churches and private individuals, and the local government and city lent their aid in the way of annual grants. The building is a neat structure, which might be mistaken for a private residence, and it has excellent facilities for the treatment of medical and surgical cases, as well as for the care of infectious diseases.

Of handsome private residences, well kept grounds and gardens luxuriant with floral beauty, Fredericton has an abundance. Bleak though the north wind may be as it sweeps down the broad river in the months of winter, the summer brings more than ample compensation. Eighty odd miles from the sea, Fredericton knows nothing of the chilling air which retards vegetation along the coast, and fruit and flowers may here be brought to the highest perfection. Day or night, the air is never chilly when summer has once begun. This, in these northern latitudes makes life a luxury.

To attempt to enumerate even the leading private residences worthy of notice would be a task beyond the scope of these pages. One tasteful specimen, of which an illustration is given, is the residence of Mr. James S. Neill, and there are many others in which the good taste of the owners is apparent at a glance.

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THE LESLIE E. KEELEY INSTITUTE, AT FREDERICTON, N. B.

In one thing Fredericton is pleasantly conspicuous—the large number of deciduous trees, found alike on public and private grounds and lining the residential streets. The men of the past seem to have had a just appreciation of the value of these accessories, and their example is followed by their descendants. Thus one finds not only all kinds of foliage which can flourish in this climate, but trees of all ages as well. There are the stately monarchs whose great girth and huge forked limbs tell of a truly green old age, and from them in a descending scale to the carefully tended shoot planted when the season was last at hand. To gain an idea of this wealth of foliage, one must view the city from the hill in the rear, and having done so, he will understand that practical arboriculture is a subject on which the citizens need no instruction.

In the midst of the city, at one side of its busiest thoroughfare, is one of the most attractive of places. It is the Officers' Square, a part of the military grounds of which mention has already been made. The fine old trees which skirt its borders make the broad and level sward doubly attractive, while one has only to cross this sward to leave the stir of business behind and find the contentment of solitude in the contemplation of the broad and peaceful river.

Outside of the precincts of the city are walks and drives of a nature to satisfy the most exacting tastes among those who can appreciate the beauties of rural scenery. To the north, especially, is much to reward the eye. The country is a rich farming land and the evidences of this are found everywhere as one proceeds. The land over which the road runs is more elevated than in the city, and thus there is revealed a glorious panorama of river and country scenery. A more beautiful drive on a summer day would be hard to find in any part of the province. The artist's pencil need not be idle on such a trip. There is much on the landscape to claim its attention.

Springhill, a few miles above Fredericton, has a wide reputation by reason of the quality and quantity of apples and other fruit grown there. Some very remarkable results have been obtained by those engaged in the industry, proving that this is in truth a fruit growing country.

An excellent house of entertainment is found at Springhill, much in favor with driving parties and individual pleasure seekers.

One mile from Fredericton is the Hermitage, a place of great natural beauty, which is not decreased by the ruin which time has wrought to the structures which were in their glory there more than three score years ago. The grounds are now the property of the Catholic church, and are used for picnic purposes. In their early days they were owned by Hon. Thos. Bailey, who spent large sums of money in building a residence and laying out the grounds in a most artistic manner. It was the scene of old-time lavish hospitality, where cost was the least of the consider-

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ations, and princely entertainment was given there to the wealth and culture of the capital. The buildings have long been in ruins, but the place is full of interest for those who like to link the past with the present.

What is to be one of the great attractions of Fredericton, and is already in such form as to give some idea of its beauty, is the Wilmot Park at the upper end of the city. It is the gift of a generous and public spirited citizen, Mr. Edward H. Wilmot, and the plan have been carried out under the direction of Mr. George E. Fenety. In May, 1894, Mr. Wilmot purchased from the Dell estate some twenty acres of land, in part beautifully wooded and in part grassland, for the purposes of a park to be given to the people. Since then a vast amount of work has been done in the way of clearing up the land, laying out walks, planting young trees and arranging for a fountain. More than 500 young elms have been set out along the carriage drives, and a few years hence—for the elm grows rapidly—the avenues will be most attractive. Mr. Wilmot spent over \$10,000 within the first year after acquiring the property, and has since donated \$10,000 more to the city corporation, in order that the people may have a park well worthy of the name and without its peer in the province.

Across the river from Fredericton are the towns of Marysville and Gibson, the scenes of the Gibson industries in lumber and cotton. They are reached by a highway bridge for the general public, and a splendid steel bridge carries the traffic of the Canada Eastern railway. To deal with these towns would require a book of itself.

Times have changed as regards the facilities of communication with Fredericton, even within the memory of those who are comparatively young. Before the days of the railroad, the great highway, save in the winter, was the river. Rival lines of steamers ran between the capital and St. John, and the arrivals and departures of the boats were the events in which everybody was interested. The river is now chiefly sought by the pleasure seeker, while the busy man hastens by train. There may not be as much poetry in travel now, but there is a great deal of the spirit of the nineteenth century.

Few scenes are more tranquil than that presented by Fredericton and its environs on a calm evening in summer. The day has been bright and warm, but as the sun drops behind the western hills a softening haze fills the air, while a gentle breeze is borne upon the broad waters of the placid river. Hundreds are abroad, on the bridge and by the riverside, quietly enjoying the spirit of rest which has fallen upon the place. Through the still air at intervals come the sweet voices of the cathedral chimes, or it may be that the bugle call floats upon the evening breeze. All is very peaceful; it seems well nigh a pastoral peace; and yet it is only because of eventide in a busy city, the capital of New Brunswick.

